THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 8, 1793.

Z U L B A R;

AN INDIAN TALE:

By F. FLORIAN.

(*Continued from Page* 304.)

"SUCH repeated praiſes, and ſuch numerous friends, at length emboldened my ſiſter to obtain for me the poſt of vizier. All the court applauded the choice; I was more praiſed, more courted than ever. They already commended the ſucceſs which attended my adminiſtration: They talked only of my glory: And having always heard myſelf extolled as a being of ſuperior order, I at length believed myſelf ſuch, and reſolved ſo to prove myſelf. I exerted all my talents—I employed all my time, to regulate the affairs of the kingdom, to render it more flouriſhing, and to diminiſh the burdens of the people. Till now I had been prodigal of my own property; I became careful of that of the King. I retrenched numerous abuſes; I only recompenſed real ſervices; and at the ſame period, I had the opportunity of ſeeing the public treaſure doubled, and half the taxes removed. By this event, I hoped to juſtify the good opinion which was entertained of me. I preſumed that this conduct would render my faithful friends a thouſand times happier than myſelf. But I had no longer any friends. They murmured openly againſt me. Cabals were formed to drive me from my poſt. They, among whom I had divided my effects,

effects, were the moſt active to do me injury. Above all, the Faquir,—the young Faquir, whoſe deſtructive advice firſt led me to court; and whom, by way of recompenſe, I had made the chief of our prieſts, was at the head of my enemies. The King himſelf every day treated me with increaſing coldneſs. The better I ſerved him, the leſs he loved me. I was hated by the court and by the city. Every one conſpired to effect my ruin, and without the protection of Balkis, my perſecutors would have accompliſhed their aims, by bringing me to the ſcaffold.

"One idea alone conſoled me; it was, that the people were happier than they had ever before been under my predeceſſors, although the grandees ſtill oppreſſed them. The impunity thoſe perſonages enjoyed, had induced them to believe that the laws were not made for them. I took an opportunity of undeceiving them. The officer of the police came one morning to inform me, that two young noblemen, having the evening before quarrelled with a poor taylor, had beaten him with their canes till they left him dead upon the ſpot. Immediately I ſent for the two nobles, heard them acknowledge their crime, pointed out to them the law which condemned them, and ordered them to be delivered to the elephants.

"This act of juſtice, of which they had never before ſeen an inſtance, exaſperated all the court. My ſiſter had great difficulty to preſerve my life; but I became the idol of the people, who called me their friend and their father; and believed, becauſe they had ſeen me their friend when they were injured, that I ſhould continue ſo, even if they became injurious. The day following two taylors quarrelled with a noble, and beat him with their clubs till he expired under their blows. I ſent immediately for the two offenders, heard them alſo confeſs their crime, ſhewed them the law which condemned them, and commanded them to be delivered to the elephants.

"From this moment I was execrated by thoſe, who the day before had adored me; and becauſe I had no ſiſter who could appeaſe every one of this furious mob, an immenſe crowd hurried to my palace, carrying with them fire and ſword. My former friends ſhewed them the way,—my ſlaves opened to them the gates,—my wives ſhewed them my apartment. I had barely time to withdraw myſelf by a ſubterraneous path, which brought me to the fields. I changed my dreſs with a mendicant, and haſtened to conceal myſelf in the depth of the foreſt. Soon, in ſpite of every peril, my tender friendſhip for my ſiſter, carried me back to the city. I heard a public crier promiſe a

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thousand pieces of gold to whomsoever should produce my head. I was informed that Balkis, repudiated by the King, was driven in banishment from his dominions. Disguised in these tatters, I followed, at a distance, the footsteps of my sister. I wandered from desert to desert, proceeding only by night, and hiding myself by day; not venturing to approach any villages, except to solicit alms. Alas! I was refused these at the door of my own house. I bathed with my tears of hunger, the steps of my ancient residence; and I had nearly died of famine before that asylum, which had so often been opened to misfortune. At length, compelled by fatigue, after having a hundred times braved death—after drinking the very dregs of the cup of infamy, I left the kingdom of Tipra, but I had never yet met with Balkis. I perceive that I cannot exist in her absence; and, had it not been for you, a stroke of my dagger would have delivered me from these accumulated evils. Do you still think that they were merited?"

"Yes," replied the insect. "Why did you trust the Faquir who extolled your talents? Why bring your sister to the presence of the King? Why accept the office of vizier? If I thought proper I might propose to you a number of similar questions. You knew not then, my friend, that there is but one good in the world—that is Obscurity! Obscurity! that divine blessing, which Brama grants to his favourites alone. Obscurity! the source of ease, and the origin of every felicity! You once possessed this, unthinking man, and took great pains to lose the inestimable benefit. You tortured yourself, to furnish fortune with the means of torturing you also. I was not born, it must be acknowledged, with all the advantages which nature conferred on you. I was the eldest son of the sovereign of Baghnagour, and was the heir of his crown; and, but for a Bramin, who was my friend, must have had that misfortune. This Bramin, whose name was Dabchelim, taught me, in an auspicious hour, wisdom! a study which is supposed to be difficult, tedious, painful, and complicated; and yet, it consists but in two simple maxims—to do no evil, and to live in solitude.

"At the age of seventeen years, my rank, my grandeur, and the throne which so nearly threatened me, were the objects of my aversion. I began to know mankind. I saw my country torn in pieces by a civil war, the most bloody and most terrible that had ever been seen on the banks of the Ganges. The motive of this horrid war was nothing else than the privilege claimed by a certain cast, to wear pointed caps. The other cast

cast, insisted that all, without distinction, should wear round caps. These furious blockheads burned the harvests and villages, murdered their parents and their brethren; the one still to wear these caps, which had always given them the head-ach: The others, to deprive them of this cap, which they derided aloud, but secretly envied.

"Such ferocity of pride, and perverseness of folly, inspired me with all that contempt for mankind which they deserved, together with that pity of their debasement which one of their own race must in duty feel. I resolved to fly from them, to conceal myself in the extremity of the world in order to avoid the misery of living with such wicked fools. My father died, and the same day, leaving an authentic paper, by which I ceded to my brother my crown and my claims, I departed, with Dabchelim, and we came both of us to fix our abode in this silent forest, which is fuller of mystery than you imagine.

"Here we constructed a hut, we made a garden, in which we planted trees, that were to yield us our sustenance—we cultivated the earth, and our tranquil days were occupied by virtue, labour, and friendship only. Here we lived a hundred years, without sorrow or sickness, free alike from fears and vain hopes; forgotten, and unknown; from ourselves and by ourselves, enjoying that repose which is the first of blessings; that delicious peace, which the race of men never can discover; that sweet but animated friendship, which solitude increases, which is a substitute for all that we have not, embellishes every pleasure which it divides, as well as those for which it is a representative! Happy indeed we were! The century to which our lives were prolonged, seemed but a short moment! Our long white beards warned us that we were approaching the term of our existence, and our hearts and sensibilities were not yet grown old, when Brama, to compleat our felicity, appeared to us as we slept—Children of Adimo, said he, you have known true happiness! it is time that your pure souls should be disencumbered from the flesh it has so long inhabited; it is time for it to animate some other portion of dust, and commence the metamorphosis to which Visnou has subjected it. But you shall not be separated from each other, and shall change your condition but not your manners. Revive to be always happy, to love each other: To labour and to live in solitude.—At these words he disappeared, and, instantly awaking, I found myself beneath a tuft of thyme, by the side of my friend, who, with myself, was become an ant.

Delighted

Delighted with our new ſtate, we contemplated, with gratitude, the faculty of retaining our ſentiments and taſte, and to begin life anew, occupying a ſtill ſmaller portion of the world. We conſtructed our manſion beneath this tuft of thyme; we wandered round the vicinity of our new abode, and we learned that all the animals of this foreſt had been men like ourſelves; but happy or miſerable, puniſhed or rewarded, according to the good or evil they have done: The wicked, become reptiles, have no nutriment but their poiſon; the avaricious, changed into mice, periſh with hunger, amid their food; the envious transformed into waſps, die near a honeycomb: Conquerors and warlike princes, all thoſe lovers of glory, who fill the earth with terror and with ſorrow, are become timid deer, themſelves the victims of fear, and condemned to expire beneath the fangs of the tigers, as often as they have cauſed ſoldiers to be ſlain,—while good Kings, changed into bees, faithful couples into doves, virtuous men into various kinds of birds, labour, love, and ſing as they did before.

"Such are the inhabitants of this foreſt, which is called the Foreſt of Metamorphoſes. It is forty years ſince, with my beloved Dabchelim, I became an inſect. We have ſufficient for our common wants; and among the animals of the foreſt, we have not deſired to contract any friendſhip, except with an old lion, called Darud. This union ſeems to ſurprize you; it is becauſe you know not, my friend, that when the ſoul is freed from its human encumbrance, it is no longer ſuſceptible of pride; it ſees no difference betwixt matter, however differently animated: A lion and an ant are equal in her ſight, as they are in the ſight of Brama.

This worthy and brave lion, whom we ſee almoſt every day, was formerly a common ſoldier, who fought ſixty years for his country,—who, for ſixty years was virtuous, honeſt, and valiant, but always forgotten by his maſters—they ſuffered him to die without promotion. Brama made him a lion. He it is who ſometimes devours conquerors, the heads of factions, the diſturbers of the peace of nations, now become deer. He it is who avenges, after having defended mankind.

The good Darud came this morning to viſit us; I have left Dabchelim with him. I left our abode, in ſpite of the advice of my brother, who vainly repreſented to me, that, the leaves being wet, ſome accident might happen to me. I did not believe him, and had got as far as this wild roſe. I tried to climb up one of the branches, but a leaf, over-charged with rain, fell off, and I along with it; without your aid it would have cruſhed

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me to pieces. Thus, you ſee again, Zulbar, that I met with this calamity from not having in mind the ſage maxim.—"During a ſtorm, and a long time afterward, quit not the boſom of thy friend."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Remarks on the Iſland of Hinzuan, or Johanna.

By Sir WILLIAM JONES.

ON Monday the 28th of July 1783, after a voyage in the Crocodile of ten weeks and two days from the rugged iſlands of Cape Verd, our eyes were delighted with a proſpect ſo beautiful, that neither a painter nor a poet could perfectly repreſent it, and ſo cheering to us, that it can juſtly be conceived by ſuch only as have been in our pleaſing ſituation. It was the ſun riſing in full ſplendour on the iſle of Mavata (as the ſeamen called it), which we had joyfully diſtinguiſhed the preceding afternoon by the height of its peak, and which now appeared at no great diſtance from the windows of our cabin; while Hinzuan, for which we had ſo long panted, was plainly diſcernable a-head, where its high lands preſented themſelves with remarkable boldneſs. The weather was fair; the water ſmooth; and a gentle breeze drove us eaſily before dinner-time round a rock, on which the Brilliant ſtruck juſt a year before, into a commodious road, where we dropped our anchor early in the evening: We had ſeen Mohila, another ſiſter iſland, in the courſe of the day.

The frigate was preſently ſurrounded with canoes, and the deck ſoon crowded with natives of all ranks, from the high-born chief, who waſhed linen, to the half-naked ſlave, who only paddled. Moſt of them had letters of recommendation from Engliſhmen, which none of them were able to read, though they ſpoke Engliſh intelligibly; and ſome appeared vain of titles, which our countrymen had given them in play, according to their ſuppoſed ſtations; we had Lords, Dukes, and Princes on board, ſoliciting our cuſtom, and importuning us for preſents. In fact, they were too ſenſible to be proud of empty ſounds, but juſtly imagined, that thoſe ridiculous titles would ſerve as marks of diſtinction, and, by attracting notice, procure for them ſomething ſubſtantial. The only men of real conſequence in the iſland, whom we ſaw before we landed, were the Governor Abdullah, ſecond couſin to the King, and

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his brother Alwi, with their ſeveral ſons; all of whom will again be particularly mentioned; they underſtood Arabick; ſeemed zealous in the Mohammedan faith, and admired my copies of the Alkoran; ſome verſes of which they read, whilſt Alwi peruſed the opening of another Arabian manuſcript, and explained it in Engliſh more accurately than could have been expected.

The next morning ſhowed us the iſland in all its beauty; and the ſcene was ſo diverſified, that a diſtinct view of it could hardly have been exhibited by the beſt pencil; you muſt, therefore, be ſatisfied with a mere deſcription written on the very ſpot, and compared attentively with the natural landſcape. We were at anchor in a fine bay, and before us was a vaſt amphitheatre, of which you may form a general notion, by picturing in your minds a multitude of hills infinitely varied in ſize and figure, and then ſuppoſing them to be thrown together, with a kind of artleſs ſymmetry, in all imaginable poſitions. The back ground was a ſeries of mountains, one of which is pointed near half a mile perpendicularly high from the level of the ſea, and little more than three miles from the ſhore; all of them were richly clothed with wood, chiefly fruit-trees, of an exquiſite verdure. I had ſeen many a mountain of a ſtupendous height in Wales and Swiſſerland, but never ſaw one before, round the boſom of which the clouds were almoſt continually rolling, while its green ſummit roſe flouriſhing above them, and received from them an additional brightneſs.

Next to this diſtant range of hills was another tier, part of which appeared charmingly verdant, and part rather barren; but the contraſt of colours changed even this nakedneſs into a beauty: Nearer ſtill were innumerable mountains, or rather cliffs, which brought down their verdure and fertility quite to the beach; ſo that every ſhade of green, the ſweeteſt of colours, was diſplayed at one view by land and by water. But nothing conduced more to the variety of this enchanting proſpect, than the many rows of palm-trees, eſpecially the tall and graceful Arecas, on the ſhores, in the valleys, and on the ridges of hills, where one might almoſt ſuppoſe them to have been planted regularly by deſign. A more beautiful appearance can ſcarcely be conceived, than ſuch a number of elegant palms in ſuch a ſituation, with luxuriant tops, like verdant plumes, placed at juſt intervals, and ſhowing between them part of the remoter landſcape, while they left the reſt to be ſupplied by the beholder's imagination.

The town of Matſamudo lay on your left, remarkable at a diſtance for the tower of the principal moſque, which was built by Halimah, a Queen of the iſland, from whom the preſent King is deſcended: A little on our right was a ſmall town, called Bantani. Neither the territory of Nice, with its olives, date-trees, and cypreſſes, nor the iſles of Hieres, with their delightful orange-groves, appeared ſo charming to me, as the view from the road of Hinzuan: Which, nevertheleſs, is far ſurpaſſed, as the Captain of the Crocodile aſſured us, by many of the iſlands in the ſouthern ocean. If life were not too ſhort for the complete diſcharge of all our reſpective duties, public and private, and for the acquiſition even of neceſſary knowledge in any degree of perfection, with how much pleaſure and improvement might a great part of it be ſpent in admiring the beauties of this wonderful orb, and contemplating the nature of man in all its varieties!

We haſtened to tread on firm land, to which we had been ſo long diſuſed, and went on ſhore, after breakfaſt, to ſee the town, and return the Governor's viſit. As we walked, attended by a crowd of natives, I ſurpriſed them by reading aloud an Arabic inſcription over the gate of a moſque, and ſtill more, when I entered it, by explaining four ſentences, which were written very diſtinctly on the wall, ſignifying, "that the world was given us for our own edification, not for the purpoſe of raiſing ſumptuous buildings; life, for the diſcharge of moral and religious duties, not for pleaſurable indulgencies; wealth, to be liberally beſtowed, not avariciouſly hoarded; and learning, to produce good actions, not empty diſputes." We could not but reſpect the temple even of a falſe prophet, in which we found ſuch excellent morality: We ſaw nothing better among the Romiſh trumpery in the church at Madeira. When we came to Abdullah's houſe we were conducted through a ſmall court-yard into an open room, on each of which was a large and convenient ſofa, and above it a high bed-place in a dark receſs, over which a chintz counterpane hung down from the cieling; this is the general form of the beſt rooms in the iſland; and moſt of the tolerable houſes have a ſimilar apartment on the oppoſite ſide of the court, that there may be at all hours a place in the ſhade for dinner, or for repoſe. We were entertained with ripe dates from Yemen, and the milk of cocoa nuts; but the heat of the room, which ſeemed acceſſible to all who choſe to enter it, and the ſcent of muſk or civet, with which it was perfumed, ſoon made us deſirous of breathing a purer air; nor could I be detained long by the Arabic manu-

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ſcripts, which the Governor produced, but which appeared of little uſe, and conſequently of no value, except to ſuch as love mere curioſities: One of them, indeed, relating to the penal law of the Mahommedans, I would gladly have purchaſed at a juſt price; but he knew not what to aſk, and I knew that better books on that ſubject might be purchaſed in Bengal. He then offered me a black-boy for one of my Alkorans, and preſſed me to barter an Indian dreſs, which he had ſeen on board the ſhip, for a cow and calf: The golden ſlippers attracted him moſt, ſince his wife, he ſaid, would like to wear them; and for that reaſon I made him a preſent of them; but had deſtined the book and the robe for his ſuperior. No high opinion could be formed of Sayad Abdullah, who ſeemed very eager for gain, and very ſervile where he expected it.

(To be continued.)

Some Account of the late General Lloyd.

By Mr. DRUMMOND.

MY firſt knowledge of General Lloyd was in France, in 1744. He was then, as I underſtood, a lay brother in ſome religious houſe. Mr. Gordon, my tutor, recommended him to my father as a proper perſon to teach me geography and field engineering, in which line Mr. Lloyd had given ſpecimens of ſuperior talents to ſome Scotch and Iriſh officers in the French ſervice. He appeared to be between twenty and thirty years of age, was a Welchman by birth, and ſaid to be of a reſpectable family; he had received a liberal education, and, although deſigned for the church, he ſaid he had been ſome time with a lawyer, before he went to France. His aim then was the army; but having no friend to procure him a commiſſion, he was perſuaded by ſome Britiſh prieſts to take the habit of a noviciate or monk. Neverthleſs his genius ſtill continued for the military line, and he was engaged to attend my elder brother and myſelf, who joined the French army under Marſhal Saxe in 1745. Mr. L. was with us at the battle of Fontenoy, which I believe was the firſt actual ſervice he ever ſaw. My ſtation on that day being a cadet in the corps of engineers, as well as a Lieutenant in Lord John Drummond's regiment of Royal Scotch, Monſ. de Rochauard, the chief engineer (under whom I acted), ſaw ſuch acuteneſs in Mr. Lloyd's manner of drawing and making ſketches of the ground

ground about the villages of Fontenoy (which was a part of my duty to examine and plan), that he got an order from Marſhal Saxe to allow Mr. Lloyd to wear our corps uniform, and to attend me on horſeback as an aſſiſtant draughtſman, with the pay of a ſub-enſign.

When the expedition to Scotland was ſet on foot, Mr. Lloyd was appointed Third Engineer, with the rank of Captain, by a commiſſion from the Pretender. He then went to Nantz, and was with me on board the Elizabeth in the action with the Lion, Captain Sir Piercy Brett, in the Channel: He behaved gallantly, was wounded in the right ſhoulder, and, after the fight, we went out of the Elizabeth on board a brig, which carried us after the young Chevalier to Scotland, where we attended him till the Prince arrived at Carliſle. Mr. Lloyd was diſpatched from thence with letters to our friends in Wales. He did not join us again, but went into South Wales, where he reaſſumed the character of a prieſt, and became a ſpy to look round the coaſts of Wales, and of the Channel for an expected French fleet. In this tour he examined all the coaſts from Milford Haven round the Briſtol Channel to Bridgewater and Barnſtaple Bay; continuing his ſurvey from thence to Plymouth and Dover, and from the Downs to Margate and London. No man ever was more correct with his eye; he ſaw at once the advantages and diſadvantages of ground; and his remarks were made with ſo much penetration and judgment, that all his obſervations were to be depended upon. At length, by ſome accident, he became ſuſpected, and was taken up in London by a general warrant. When I came to London a priſoner of war in the winter of 1746, after the battle of Culloden, I found my friend Lloyd at Carington's, the meſſenger, in Jermyn-ſtreet, where I, with ſome of my brother officers, were lodged for ſafety. I rejoiced to ſee him; but it was not known that he had been with us in Scotland, otherwiſe he muſt have been tried as a rebel, and have ſuffered as ſuch, his miſſion, knowledge, and great abilities, having made him a conſiderable object and character of that time.

In 1747 I got him relieved by means of my relation, a noble Duke, and I then employed him under the denomination of a tutor, ſeeming never to have known him before. In the ſame year he went with me to France, and followed me to the ſiege of Bergen-op-Zoom, where he became in high eſteem with Marſhal Lovendhal. During that ſiege he obtained the rank of Major, and was of infinite ſervice in mounting batteries, in chooſing ground and exploring mines, as well as in

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opening of ſluices. When I went to Spain in 1748, my father recommended Major Lloyd to the Earl Mareſchal, who was at that time in great reputation with the King of Pruſſia. This nobleman recommended Lloyd to his brother, Marſhal Keith; and when I returned from my Spaniſh voyage and ſurvey of the coaſt of Terra Firma in 1754, I met with him in Paris; at which time there being a plan laid for an invaſion of England, Lloyd was recommended to the Marſhal Duc de Belliſle, then Miniſter of War, who had alſo appointed me to come to England as a Commiſſary-General, to ſuperintend all the French priſoners taken before the formal declaration of war in 1756. Lloyd's former knowledge of the Britiſh coaſt, the exactneſs of his deſcriptions, and his genius as a ſpy, afforded him great advantages on this occaſion; in conſequence of which he reſigned his Pruſſian rank, accepted a new Field Officer's Commiſſion in the French ſervice, with an appointment of five louis *per diem*, to re-ſurvey the Britiſh coaſt, and to report thereon to the Duc de Belliſle. He accordingly came to England in 1756, re-aſſumed the habit *Bourgoiſe*, and having nothing of a military look, he went where he pleaſed, as a trader or rider. Thus he re-examined the Britiſh coaſt, and laid the foundation of his much eſteemed treatiſe upon the natural ſtrength of Britain; pointing out all that could be done by invaſion, and all that might be done by defence. His report, however, made the French Miniſtry change their intentions of invading Britain; and the Mareſchal Duc de Belliſle was better pleaſed at being ſent to Minorca, than to attempt a landing at Torbay.

Lloyd then quitted England and went to Germany, where he was employed ſome years in the Ruſſia and Auſtrian ſervice, and promoted to higher rank. From my remaining in Great-Britain after 1756, and quitting the army, as well as going to the Weſt-Indies in 1758, I loſt my friend till about 1776, when I again met with him in London under the title of General Lloyd. He then told me that he had made his peace here, and afterwards informed me that he had obtained a penſion upon the Chelſea eſtabliſhment.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On PATRIOTISM.

THE name of patriot is a name that was once held in high veneration, as undoubtedly it is a word of very high im-

port.—But ſo many have laid claim to it upon ſuch falſe foundations that it is ſunk much in the eſteem of mankind, and in a neighbouring republic is abſolutely uſed as a term of reproach—I would fain recover it from diſgrace, and reſtore it to that place of honour and reſpect, which when properly ſupported it certainly merits.

A love of our country ſeems to be implanted in our natures, as well as a love of our offspring, or a love of life, only in an inferior degree; we early experience a ſtrong attachment to it, and an innate dread of being exiled from it; and ſhould our affairs call us to reſide for any length of time in foreign parts, how often do our thoughts return back to our dear native country; how pleaſed are we to hear any thing concerning it, and how rejoiced when the happy period arrives of our viſiting it again—an inſult offered to our country we reſent, like an inſult offered to ourſelves; ſhould it be engaged in war how anxious are we for its preſervation, and ſhould it riſe to any high degree of proſperity we glory in its glory, and feel ourſelves happy in its happineſs—Now this affectionate predilection for our native land we ſhould cheriſh in our boſoms; for patriotic affections like all other affections may be ſtrengthened and improved, or may be reſtrained, diminiſhed, and perhaps totally deſtroyed by the views we admit, by the inclinations and habits we indulge.

But a mere fondneſs for the land in which we dwell is not patriotiſm; we may feel a partiality for the ſoil, the produce, the inhabitants, the government, and the religion of our country, and yet fall ſhort of the character of patriots, unleſs our love for our country is ſo ardent as to lead us to ſtudy the principles of its conſtitution, and uſe our beſt endeavours to underſtand and promote its true intereſts.—No man can be ſaid to have a proper regard for his family, who does not acquaint himſelf with its concerns, and with the various circumſtances which will contribute to its proſperity—ſo neither can any man be ſaid to have a proper love for his country, who is not concerned to acquire a juſt idea of the nature of the government under which he lives; what degree of liberty he and his fellow ſubjects enjoy, and in what the true proſperity of the nation to which he belongs conſiſts. Now this kind of acquaintance with the conſtitution is highly proper, that we might guard againſt the firſt encroachment on our liberty by arbitrary power on the one ſide, and every abuſe of this invaluable bleſſing by licentiouſneſs on the other; that we may be ready on the one hand to propoſe or ſupport every plan that will carry the

the conſtitution of our country to greater perfection, and that we may be able on the other to diſcern, expoſe, and reſiſt every artful attempt to undermine our national proſperity, by ſowing diſcord among the people, by raiſing gloomy and groundleſs jealouſies, or by propoſing imaginary and perhaps impracticable improvements. The more we know of our conſtitution, the more ſhall we reſent every inſidious attack upon it, whether it be by a tyrannical abridgement of our national privileges, or by bold, unneceſſary, hazardous innovations. We may indeed ſee imperfections in our conſtitution, for this is the caſe of every product of human wiſdom; but then we ſhall ſee, I doubt not, that, with all its imperfections, it is an ineſtimable bleſſing to this nation; and the neceſſity of proceeding (when we aim at its improvement) with the greateſt caution and gentleneſs, leaſt we injure what we meant to repair, leaſt we deſtroy what we meant to bring to perfection.

To conclude my deſcription of patriotiſm, I obſerve, that it will induce us to ſhow our regard to our country by bearing chearfully its neceſſary burdens, and eſpecially by doing the duty of ſober, honeſt, faithful citizens. The annual expences of this nation are doubtleſs very heavy; but beſides theſe we have the intereſt of an immenſe debt, for which the credit of the country is pledged; taxes, therefore, muſt of neceſſity be numerous, and in ſome caſes muſt preſs heavy upon the perſons who pay them; but if we are true patriots, we ſhall readily contribute our ſhare towards the defence and exigencies of the ſtate. Different perſons have an opportunity, in different ways, of benefitting their country; ſome by cultivating its land; ſome by extending its commerce; ſome by aſſiſting its counſels with advice; and ſome by drawing their ſword, and ſpilling their blood for its defence. But thoſe do beſt of all who endeavour to benefit the nation to which they belong by leading amiable, virtuous, holy lives. "Righteouſneſs exalteth a nation, but ſin is the ruin of any people." Such as theſe do good to their country by the produce of their honeſt induſtry, by the effect of their example, and by the bleſſing of Heaven which they bring down upon it. Seeſt thou a man diligent in his buſineſs, regular in his converſation, honeſt in his dealings, prudent in the management of his family, vigorous and uniform in his exertions to do good, and exemplary in all his walk; ſuch a perſon is a uſeful member of ſociety; he is a public good; he is a true patriot.

From

From what has been ſaid above I think we may clearly draw the following inferences:

Firſt, That patriotiſm is more than a name; there is ſomething ſolid in it; ſomething that will lead us not merely to talk about our country, or profeſs a regard for its intereſts, and to diſpute warmly in its behalf. That patriotiſm is nothing worth that goes no farther than words; that is only diſplayed in loud declarations of our regard to it. It is in this as in religion, thoſe who talk moſt of it, are not always the moſt eminent for it; if therefore we are honeſt in our declarations, we muſt manifeſt our ſincerity, not only in our converſation, but in the whole of our behaviour.

Secondly, We may conclude alſo that bad men can never be true patriots. They may profeſs a wonderful regard for their country; they may harangue loudly in the ſenate for its intereſts; they may even ſuffer in defence of its liberties; but if they are men of debauched, wicked lives, they are defective in the moſt eſſential part of true patriotiſm; for inſtead of promoting the welfare and happineſs of their country, which is the duty of all good citizens, they, by their converſation and example, diſſeminate thoſe principles and vices which are known to produce the certain ruin of any people.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TRIALS.

COURT of CHANCERY.

THURSDAY, March 28, the Lord Chancellor ſat at Lincoln's-Inn-Hall, and heard petitions in bankruptcies.

A petition came to be heard, praying that a commiſſion of bankruptcy ſued out againſt a Mr. Matthew Clark, might be ſuperſeded.

The Attorney General, in ſupport of the petition, ſtated, that this commiſſion was a groſs abuſe of the bankrupt laws.—He lamented that the bankrupt laws were ſo frequently perverted to purpoſes of fraud and injuſtice. He hoped the Solicitors would conſider that when they ſued out commiſſions of bankruptcies, they ought not to conſult the intereſt of the bankrupt, but that of the creditors at large, for whoſe benefit all his effects were to be faithfully adminiſtered.

It appeared by the affidavits of ſeveral perſons, that the bankrupt was not a trader within the meaning of the ſtatutes; that

that all his effects to be divided amounted only to 14l. and that there was no legal proof of any debt being due from him to the petitioning creditor.

The Counsel on the other side contended that the bankrupt laws had two objects, the one was to secure to the creditors at large an equal division of an insolvent trader's effects; the other was to protect the unfortunate man against oppression and inhumanity; he said the present commission was sued out from the principles of humanity, and its object was to prevent persecution, injustice and oppression.

The Lord Chancellor, after hearing Counsel on both sides, ordered the commission to be superseded at the expence of the Solicitor and the petitioning creditor. His Lordship added, that he hoped Commissioners would in future conduct themselves with more circumspection than had been discovered in the present case.

GUILDHALL, LONDON.

SALT *versus* FIELD.

THIS was an action of trover, to recover back some goods, which came into the hands of the defendant, and which he converted to his own use.

To this the defendant pleaded not guilty.

A number of facts were admitted by both parties in this cause. Among other things it was admitted, that John Duarst, a bankrupt, had a house of trade in London, where his business was conducted, and also a house in New York, where he resided and carried on trade. The goods for which this action was brought were sold to Duarst, through the medium of his clerk, and were sent to be shipped for him at New York, on the 9th of April, 1792.

On the 18th of May, 1792, a letter arrived from Mr. Duarst in London, stating, that although he was a man of fortune a month before, yet that he was then totally ruined, and desired his agents in England to countermand the orders he had formerly sent them, and as he was not in a condition to pay for the goods he had ordered, he begged that they might be restored to the sellers. About nine o'clock at night of the same day, this letter was shewn to Salt, the plaintiff. The goods had been delivered two days before, to the agents of the bankrupt, so that there was a complete sale and delivery to Duarst.

Duarst.—When this letter was shewn to Mr. Salt, he agreed to accept his goods again, and demanded them, but the defendant refused to deliver them; so that in fact, this is a question between the plaintiff, who is the seller of the goods, and the assignees of the bankrupt.

This resolved itself into a case for the consideration of the Court of King's Bench, and the question is, whether Duarst in America being in insolvent circumstances, could, by letter or order of this kind, put an end to a contract which was perfected, so that those goods should revest in the plaintiff, the seller of them.

If the Court should determine in the affirmative, the plaintiff will get back his goods, which amount to 3000l. if not, they will fall into the general mass of the bankrupt's effects, and the plaintiff must come in along with the other creditors.

The noble and learned Judge wished, in order to save expence, that this should be turned into a case; but if they found it grow difficult, they might convert it into a special verdict.

ANECDOTES.

GEORGE II. was very exact in trifles. His handkerchiefs, shirts, cravats, &c. were regularly numbered; and it would put him in a great passion to give him one of those articles that did not correspond in number with the others.—He was equally exact in other circumstances. One day, as the page was carrying a bag after him, to be deposited in a iron chest, in a closet near his bed-chamber, the bag burst, and one of the guineas that fell rolled under the door of another closet, where some piles of wood lay.—"Have you picked up all the money?" said the King.—"All but one guinea, Sire," answered the page, "which was rolled in among the wood, and which I shall look for presently,"—"We will look for it *now*," said the King; "set the bag down, and assist me to remove the wood."—To work they both went, when, after toiling about a quarter of an hour the guinea was found.—"Well!" said the King, quite pleased, "I think we have worked quite hard for this guinea; but as you seem to have laboured the most, do you take it for your pains; I would have nothing lost."

PLUTARCH has related a most beautiful instance of female heroism. Epponina, a Roman lady, being informed that her husband Sabinus, when beaten by the troops of the Emperor Vespasian, had concealed himself in a deep cave between Franche Compté and Champagne, made herself a voluntary prisoner with him, waited upon him, supported him for many years, and had children by him. At length, being apprehended, together with her husband, and brought before Vespasian, who expressed his surprise at her courage and fortitude, she returned this magnanimous answer: "I have lived under ground, and in darkness, far happier than you have on the summit of power, and in the light of the sun!"

A Curious Account of the Magnetic Mountain of Cannay.

By GEORGE DEMPSTER, *of Dunnichen, Esq.*

[From Transactions of the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland.]

YOU will not be sorry to receive an account of the Magnetic Mountain of Cannay: but perhaps it is not unknown to you already, or you may at least have heard of similar ones in other places. Cannay is an island of ten or twelve miles in circumference, with an excellent harbour in its bosom. Near this harbour, on a hill of some height, called the Compass-hill, there is a little hole dug, about a foot or two in depth. A compass placed in this hole is instantly disturbed, and in a short time veers about to the eastward, till at last the north point settles itself in a due southerly direction, and remains there. At a very little distance from this hole, perhaps on the very edge of it, the needle recovers its usual position.

This singular circumstance was known when Martin wrote his account of these islands, and is taken notice of by him.—He indeed said, the compass then settled at due east, which is also curious. What increases the singularity of this alteration in the needle, is a discovery lately made by Hector McNeil, Esq. tacksman of the island. He mentioned the circumstance to us; and Lord Bredalbane, Sir Adam Fergusson, Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown, and the rest of the company, went to examine the fact. The harbour, on the north side, is formed by a bold rock of Basalt, which may be about a mile below, and to the southward of the Compass-hill, of which this rock is a continuation. We rowed under this rock; and when the boat reached

reached its center, immediately under the rock, and almost touching it, the north point of our compass veered about, and settled at due south and remained there. This experiment was frequently repeated with the same success; but this effect was confined to a very small part of the rock, which seemed to us directly south from the hole on Compass-hill. At a little distance, on either side, the needle recovered its usual position.— His Lordship then directed the boat to row with great quickness past the rock, when, upon our crossing the place which had before affected the needle, it was again affected during the passage, though very quick, and recovered soon after passing this point. We could hardly venture to assign any cause for these appearances, but by supposing something magnetical in the rock extending the whole distance from the Compass-hill to the head land at the mouth of the harbour. If this should prove to be the case, we had no scruple in pronouncing this to be the largest loadstone as yet discovered in the world.

A part of the rock was broken off, at the very spot where this affection of the needle was observed, and was applied to the compass when removed from the rock; but it seemed to produce no effect upon the needle whatsoever. Also, the compass was carried about the length of the boat from the rock, but in a line with Compass-hill; and it was also placed in the small line on the opposite side of the harbour, at about a quarter of a mile's distance; neither of these experiments produced any effect on the needle.

In this island there are many columnar appearances, not unlike to Staffa; and several, both straight and bent, and every way as regular, which seem also to have, like Staffa, escaped observation till very lately.

Mr. Page's Account of the Manner in which the Feast of Candlemas is observed in South America.

I Assisted at the feast of Candlemas, which is celebrated at Sartille with much solemnity, but in a manner somewhat new. In the morning, immediately after mass, the image of the Virgin is carried with great pomp through the principal streets, and having been placed on a theatre close to a circus erected for the purpose of bull-fighting, every one retires. Upon the company's return from their afternoon's nap, bulls are brought upon the stage, and the spectacle begins, accompanied by a ridiculous kind of music, performed in an orchestra

at

at the elbow of the Virgin. The exhibition continues till the approach of night; when the Virgin, eſcorted by a ſecond proceſſion, returns to her uſual reſidence in the church. The combat of the bulls is ſucceeded by a fair, the principal articles in which are ſweet-meats, wines, confections, and many other incitements to gluttony.

On this occaſion is practiſed every ſpecies of Spaniſh gallantry, though the people are in general ſo poor, that many of them pawn their laſt ſhirt in order to entertain their friends with the delicacies of the fair. I was diverted to obſerve with what folly and extravagance huſbands ape towards their wives all the little arts of the lover. I ſaw one of thoſe women, a perſon apparently not deſtitute of good ſenſe, who choſe to be offended with her huſband becauſe, being without a penny in his pocket, he wanted the civility to part with a favourite *couteau-de-chaſſe* for the gratification of her caprice. It is the faſhion for both parties to affect a grave and ſerious deportment; while the huſband makes it his buſineſs to demean himſelf towards his mate, as if it were only the dawn of the courtſhip.

This feſtival is ſimilar to that which I ſaw at San Antonio in honour of the conception, and which laſted three days. On the eve of this laſt it is cuſtomary for the people to pay their reſpects to the Virgin in a kind of maſquerade, in which ſome affect the character of devils, others that of angels, while the greateſt part appear in the male and female dreſſes of the Moors. The image of the Virgin is conveyed from the church, and being introduced to the ball-room at the houſe of the maſter of the ceremonies, the dancing begins; meanwhile the maſks are entertained with a collation; and the feſtival finally cloſes with a rude dramatic performance. It often appears that uſages originally inſtituted for pious purpoſes, at laſt degenerate into the moſt ridiculous and extravagant abuſes.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

PRIZE EPIGRAM *at* CAMBRIDGE, *July* 7, 1789.

IN VENTRILOQUEM.

SALVE! magna tui, Britanniæq;
Salve! gloria tempo[illegible]um tuorum!
Qualis nemo fuit, nec eſt[illegible]entve
Poſthac—O utinam repentè voces

 Sint

Sint centum mihi, ſint et ora centum, ut
Te, tui ſimilis, poëta laudem!
Audin? Nunc hominemve, fœminamve,
Juxta, nunc procul et remotiores,
Hàc illàc, puerumve ineptientem,
Credas multa loqui, ſimul diſertâ
Ac vox parturiit ſonos in alvo.
Atque nil tremit os loquentis, atqui
Nil motum eſt labium: Quid ergo? Fallor,
An verum eſt? Loqueris, taceſve? Certè
Et nuſquam tua vox, et eſt ubiq;

[*A Tranſlation is requeſted of the above beautiful Epigram.*]

N. B. The beautiful lines "On Charity," which appeared in the Entertainer for March 18, 1793, under the ſignature of J. S—d, were ſtolen from the Rev. W. L. Bowles's poetical and inimitable verſes, addreſſed to John Howard, Eſq. the philanthropiſt.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to J. K. C.'s Enigma, inſerted January 21.

THE TONGUE well us'd adorns our race,
But when abus'd is foul diſgrace.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from T. Joſtling, and J. Rowdon, of Chard Academy; J. Spry, Wiveliſcombe; Eremita, and W. Bowden, of Weſton Zoyland; J. Collins, of Uffculm; T. Gill junior, of Stythians; R. Uren junior, of Grampound; W. Brewer, of Taunton; and T. Walker, of Hemyock.

Anſwer, by J. Rowdon, of Chard Academy, to T. Gill's Anagram, inſerted January 28.

IF I in EDEN was plac'd with ſpeed,
I then ſhould be out of all NEED.

§†§ We have received the like anſwer from T. Joſtling, of Chard Academy; J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Cary; Eremita, of Weſton Zoyland; J. Tr[illegible]er, and E. G. of Truro; J. Collins, of Uffculm; R. Ur[illegible] junior, Grampound; W. Brewer, of Taunton; S. Hill, near Dawliſh; T. Walker, of Hemyock; Thomas Giles, and a Friendly Society of Bridgewater; and T. Welch, near Wiveliſcombe.

An

An ENIGMA, *by a Friendly Society of Bridgewater.*

ERE grandſire Adam, or his mate,
Poſſeſs'd a ſingle thought,
I was, as Scripture doth relate,
To great perfection brought.

With rapid ſpeed I wing'd my flight,
Thro' earth, ſea, ſky, and air;
And all things at my piercing ſight
Look'd beautiful and fair.

And ſince in every clime I've been,
In every nation too;
To diſtant lands as yet unſeen,
I've been to take a view.

With courage bold I ſkim the waves,
Where laſhing billows roar;
Fearleſs I view the watry graves,
And do no pain endure.

'Midſt all theſe tortur'd ſcenes I dwell,
Enrob'd with virgin white;
And oftentimes, tho' ſtrange to tell,
I bring ſtrange things to ſight!

Hail Innocence! thou heavenly maid,
Unknown to guilt or blame,
Thee I prefer; yet, as 'tis ſaid,
I join in deeds of ſhame.

There's nought can paſs my ſcrutiny,
Whether 'tis good or ill;
Yet I from guilt and blame am free,
If I don't it reveal.

I often viſit yonder ſhade,
Where ſtands a lonely cell,
That is far ſhelter'd in the glade,
Where lovely Ann doth dwell.

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§†§ *Several Pieces of Poetry lately received are much too inaccurate for Inſertion.*

POETRY.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An Ode inscribed to Miss L. H. on her saying, " she did " not intend to come soon on a Visit again," at a Place " where she had been remarkably agreeable.

HOW diff'rent now these thoughts I feel,
From pleasures erst thou did'st reveal;
In sad regret the courteous swain
His fate, with beauteous maids complains.
The sylvan scene was greatly blest,
Adorn'd by such a lovely guest:
The flow'rets how em'lously vie
In homage to thy pensive eye;
The blushing rose would gladly raise
Her head, how studious of thy praise!
And think herself supremely blest
On thy sweet bosom to be prest.
Hadst thou appear'd on Ida's plains
Amidst the three contending Queens,
The Dardan shepherd* would thee consign,
The meed of beauty justly thine.
Haste! chear these scenes by thy return,
And glades that for thine absence mourn.
Disdain not thus to be caress'd
Since‡ verse can soothe the muse's breast.
Repose from all life's dire alarms
Is only found in ———'s charms.

T. C. S.

* Paris.

‡ Theoc. Idyll. 9.

To

TO MY CANDLE.

By PETER PINDAR, *Eſq.*

THOU lone companion of the ſpectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly, watchful light,
To ſteal a precious hour from lifeleſs ſleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And ſwells the thund'ring horrors of the deep.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flaſhing through her ſkies.
But all is ſilence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praiſe—
For who would ſink in dull Oblivion's ſtream?
Who would not live in ſongs of diſtant days?

Thus while I wondering pauſe o'er Shakeſpear's page,
I mark, in viſions of delight, the ſage,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who ſtands ſublime;
A column in the melancholy waſte,
(Its cities humbled, and its glories paſt)
Majeſtic, 'mid the ſolitude of Time.

Yet now to ſadneſs let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of pureſt friendſhip ſhow'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er ſhould die,
A form that wakes my deepeſt ſigh;
A form, that feels of Death the leaden ſleep—
Deſcending to the realms of ſhade,
I view a pale-ey'd panting maid;
I ſee the Virtues o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the muſe's ſimple pray'r
Command the envied trump of Fame,
Oblivion would Eliza ſpare;
A world ſhould echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little luſtre to its end!
Yet, on thy frame, Fate too ſhall fix her ſeal—
Oh! let me, penſive, watch thy pale decay;
How faſt that frame, ſo tender, wears away!
How faſt thy life the reſtleſs minutes ſteal!

How ſlender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy ſtruggles—all will ſoon be o'er—
At life thou ſnatcheſt with an eager leap:
Now round I ſee thy flame ſo feeble creep,
Faint, leſs'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring, now no more!

Thus ſhall the ſuns of Science ſink away,
And thus of Beauty fade the faireſt flow'r—
For where's the giant who to Time ſhall ſay,
"Deſtructive tyrant, I arreſt thy pow'r?"

The BLUSH of SIMPLICITY.

[From "Poems by Gentlemen of Devonſhire and Cornwall."]

WHILE Mary, conſcious that ſhe loves,
Would hide the crimſon's tranſient hue;
She veils a bluſh, which only proves,
A heart to love and William true.
In erring maids, that fondly ſtray,
A tinge as bright as thine we ſee;
Yet clouded looks its ſource betray,
Unknown to innocence and thee.
No cloud thine eyes of candour know,
To ſhade their ſweet expreſſion o'er;
But, to the ſoft ſuffuſing glow,
They kindle quick, and ſparkle more.
Ah! may ſuch glances ever ſpeak,
The ſimple bluſh on Mary's cheek.

Lines ſent to an amiable young Lady, with a Copy of Biſhop Lowth's Engliſh Grammar.

FAIR miniature of all thy mother's grace,
Gentle Thereſa; whoſe firſt opening bloom,
Foretells a lovely flower of rich perfume:
Now that thy tender mind doth quick embrace
Each character impreſſed; theſe pages trace
With ſtudious eye, and let thy thoughts aſſume,
Such claſſick dreſs as grac'd the maids of Rome;
Free, elegant, and as thy manners chaſte.